

If you're Honza's friend,
ask me for a copy of this
zine & I'll give you one.

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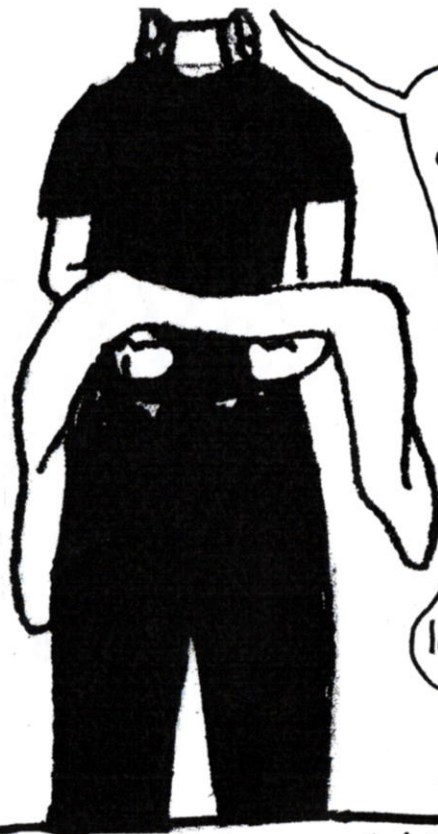


the

HONZA DREAM

by
artnoose.
2006

Are
you
sure
it's
okay
to
wear
his
bath-
robe
?



of
course
it's
okay.
I'm
gonna
put
it
in
the
laundry.

The night after Honza's memorial, I dreamed
I was his housemate and that I had been
wearing his bathrobe.

I had to walk away.

And then I
woke up.



He tried to reassure me.

WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER
LATER TODAY AND
WORK OUT A TRADE.



I walked out of the basement
and thought I saw him in the
backyard, but I figured that
I must be
mistaken.



When I saw that it was Honza,
I thought that if I
blinked, he would
disappear.



I touched his hand.

I didn't want to go, because
I knew I'd never see him again.



I must have looked distressed,
because he continued.



DON'T THINK
ABOUT THE TRADE
DURING THE DAY.
WE'LL JUST BE
FRIENDS AND THEN
AT THE END OF THE
DAY WE'LL KNOW
WHAT THE TRADE
IS.



I blinked.

He didn't
disappear.

He looked
radiant.

I confessed.

I've been wearing
your bathrobe.



And he spoke.

WE'LL JUST
WORK OUT
A TRADE.

